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ECLIPSE™
MONTHLY
Nightingale™

LETTERS TO SURF CITY

Send your letters to: ECLIPSE COMICS, P. O. Box 199, Guerneville, California 95446

Dear Dean and cat,

I think you've got a winner on your hands with **Eclipse Monthly**. First of all, the variety of types of stories has convinced me that any genre at all can be presented in an entertaining, exciting way in a comics format. **Cap'n Quick and a Foozle** definitely deserve their own book. They are so offbeat! (That means GOOD.) What I like most about their stories so far is that I still don't really know what those darm shoes are capable of. I keep going back through the stories making notes of what specific things they've done so far, and I'm speculating my brains out trying to figure what makes them run and what else they might be capable of.

I hope that we see a lot more of **Rio**. Westerns have been so bastardized by TV and movies, but with **Rio** I feel like the spirit of Bret Harte has been recaptured, and that's high praise.

I honestly don't understand what **Ragamuffins** is trying to express, and yet I get completely mesmerized by each episode. Could somebody please explain this to me?

Is **Eclipse Monthly** going to be a trial ground for new artists and writers, and a breeding ground for new titles in the Eclipse corral? Will you ever be running stories based on characters in the other Eclipse titles, and specifically what new ideas do you have planned for the immediate future?

Rook Jones
3050 Highland Street
Allentown, PA 18104

"Stories based on characters in other Eclipse titles"? I think we are covering that base with **Nightingale**. *As the DNAgents fans in the audience will have noticed, any world in which Technor, Incorporated exists is firmly placed in the DNAgents Dynasty. Look for Nightingale to guest-star in* **DNAgents** *sooner or later. (You* may *look in vain, but the exercise'll do you good. That Mark Evanier is a tricky one and no editor is about to predict what he's got up his sleeve.)*

Eclipse Monthly *"a breeding ground for new titles"? Well, that wasn't our intention, but it does seem to be working out that way with Marshall's* **Cap'n Quick and a Foozle** *series. So far, so good.*

For those of you who can't wait 'til CQ and a F no. 1 hits the stands, here's an update: Marshall Rogers is tying up loose ends on the **Coyote** *graphic album (with the aid of Joe D'Esposito on paint pots) and* **Scorpio Rose** *no. 3 (with the collaboration of Steve Englehart on typewriter and* **Aztec Ace** *ace Michael Hernandez on pencils, over Marshall's layouts). Once those are on the stands, it'll be* **Cap'n Quick and a Foozle***'s turn to fly, so be patient and keep da fate.*

You want someone to "explain" **Ragamuffins** *to you, huh? I think that's a cue to segue to:*

Dean & cat:

"Kittycats and Boogeymen" was another fine **Ragamuffins** installment. Too bad it was split up into two parts; I felt it hurt the overall story . . . but not too much. The story itself was very charming, but I think Don should establish a firmer link between the Randy of yesteryear and the Randy of – well, today, sort of. Some of the **Ragamuffins** stories have had this link; others, like this one, weren't firmly established.

I can see that the "fun" of tossing cats into the river has turned into the "fun" of telling racial jokes, of tossing *people* into the pool. But does Randy realize this? (In "The Other Side of the Street" in **Eclipse Magazine** no. 8, Randy doesn't even *remember* the childhood incident depicted in that story.) How did the fantasy-minded child become the sensitive adult? Are we supposed to figure this out for ourselves? (For what it's worth, I'm having fun doing so; it's starting to remind me of my own kidhood. God help me.)

Cap'n Quick and a Foozle was nutsy as usual. (Does Marshall have problems thinking up different titles for each of his stories, or what?) Thanks for clearing up the mystery of Mr. Goldberg (Hi, Chris!). The artwork is a delight to look at, and the layout of pages four and five was very nice. (I'll have to break next time I get drunk and go dancing.) Looking forward to **Foozle** no. 1. (I must say, I'm a tad unsure about Bagsley T. Buggle. Don't we have enough Groucho Marzists in comics?)

"The Amazing Aphid-Man" was plain fun to read. (Am I really losing it, or is this a parody of super-hero parodies? Is "super-hero" still spelled with a hyphen or not?) We can add Pooper Porker (or whatever his name is) to the list of obsessive self-commentators ranging from Garry Trudeau's Doonesbury to Dave Sim's "Roach" character. While the layouts were a bit confusing in places (especially the bottom of page two and the top of page ten), the story was thoroughly enjoyable.

(I can see it now: "Aphid-Man Meets Cerebus vs. The New Teen Titans." The speculators would go insane, which is no less than they deserve.)

By the way, B.C.'s cover for **EM** no. 3 was excellent. I loved it.

Mark Steven Long
2928 117th Street
Toledo, OH 43611

Dear cat, Dean and Everybody,

Eclipse Monthly no. 5 was, in a word, extremely outstanding (oops, that's two words, isn't it!!!) It continues its streak of five awesome issues, and is clearly one of the best comics in America.

The Masked Man was, again, great. You should keep this feature every issue. By the way, did anyone notice Rileth is an anagram of Hitler? This is a prime example of B. C. Boyer's ingeniousness. Nevertheless, I'd like to see the Masked Man *really* go into action and battle some supercrook.

Rio was great. I love Doug Wildey's artwork, and page 5 is a great example why. I hope after **Rio** that he'll do something else for you!

Keep going strong, Eclipse!

John Louie
Pve, CA 90274

What Doug Wildey will be doing for us after **Rio** *is more* **Rio***! Doug's hard at work on the next two ten page installments of the story and as soon as they're done, you can bet they'll be seen here.*

The Masked Man has his hands full already without any "supercrook" to bug him, John, but if you think that Frankie, Aphid-Man, the publicity-hungry Dan Drekston, and now the loss of his best friend, Barney, aren't enough,

(continued on inside back cover)

ECLIPSE MONTHLY (ISSN 0737-6189) Vol.1, No. 7, April 1984. Published by Eclipse Enterprises, 81 Delaware Street, Staten Island, NY 10304. Dean Mullaney and catherine yronwode, editors. The Masked Man TM and copyright 1984 B.C. Boyer. Carlos McLlyr TM and copyright 1984 Moonfire Productions. Nightingale TM and copyright 1984 Mark Evanier & Mike Sekowski. All other material copyright 1984 Eclipse Enterprises. All rights reserved. Price $1.50 per copy. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person, or institution, is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in Canada.

ZZZZZZZZ
NZZZZZZZZ
NZZZZZZZZ
UUGG
KOFF
KOFF
UUGGH!
FUMBLE
FUMBLE
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
SQUEEEEEEK
CLICK
3:42
3:42
KOFF
KOFF
SNIFF
CLICK
1

CLICK
PLAY REC FF ST
NAME'S BARNEY McALLISTER. I'M A REPORTER. I COVER REMARKABLE PHENOMENA. YOU'RE DICK CARSTAIRS. YOU'RE A DETECTIVE. YOU'RE ALSO THE MASKED MAN. YOU FIGHT CRIME.
I KNOW. THAT'S REDUNDANT. BUT I'M GOING TO SAY A LOT OF DUMB THINGS BEFORE THIS TAPE IS OVER, SO YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO BEAR WITH ME FOR AWHILE.
THERE ARE SOME THINGS I'M GOING TO SAY... SOME... THINGS I'M FEELING... ABOUT YOU... AND ME... AND...
WELL... I... I JUST WANT YOU TO HEAR THEM BEFORE YOU GO... BEFORE YOU LEAVE ME... FOREVER.
2

MM100 9

FROM THE WRITINGS OF BARNEY McALLISTER:

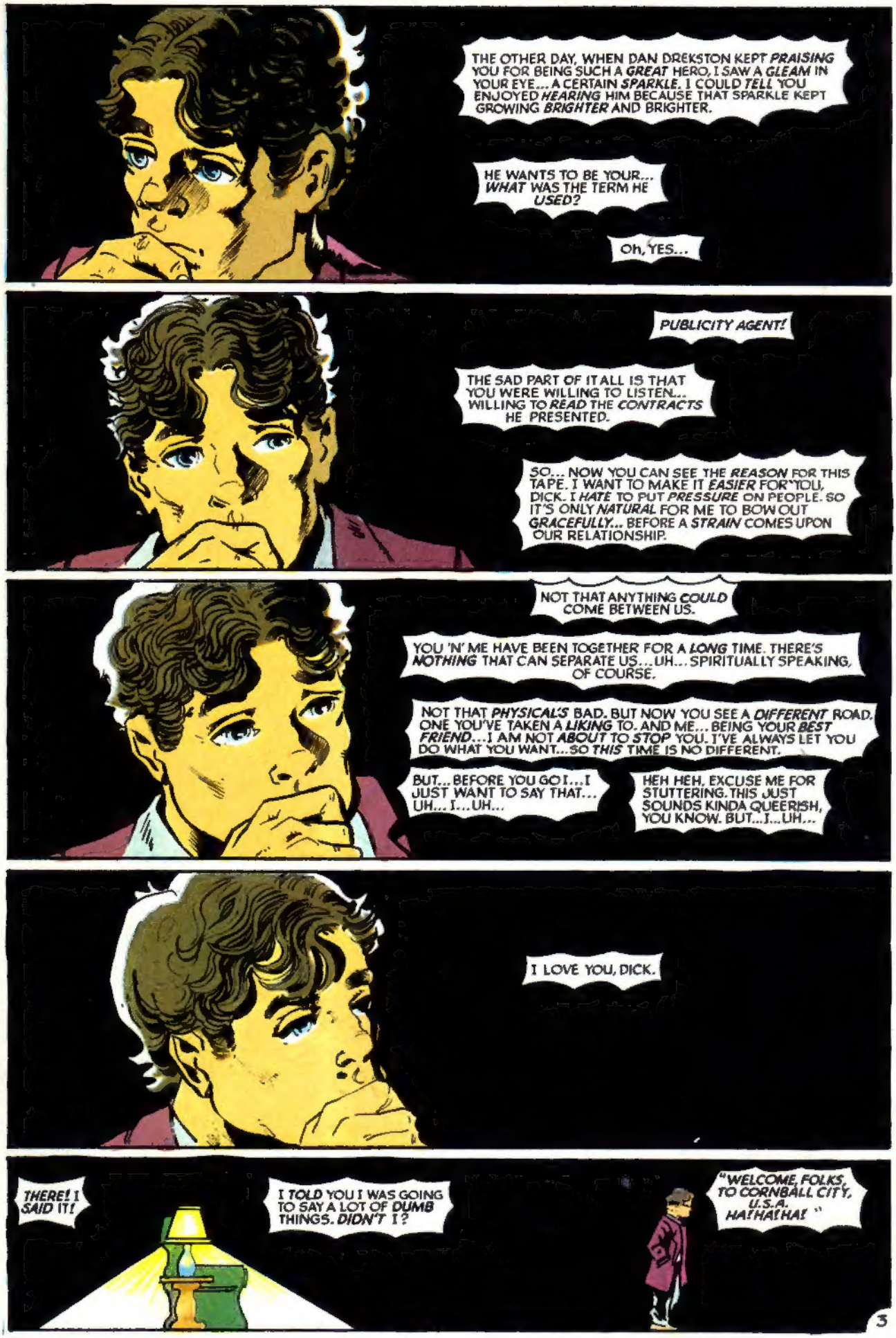
The MASKED MAN

BY B.C.BOYER

CONFESSIONS

COLORED BY DENIS McFARLING · LETTERED BY L.LOIS BUHALIS

EDITED BY CAT@YRONWODE


THE OTHER DAY, WHEN DAN DREKSTON KEPT PRAISING YOU FOR BEING SUCH A GREAT HERO, I SAW A GLEAM IN YOUR EYE... A CERTAIN SPARKLE. I COULD TELL YOU ENJOYED HEARING HIM BECAUSE THAT SPARKLE KEPT GROWING BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER.
HE WANTS TO BE YOUR... WHAT WAS THE TERM HE USED?
OH, YES...
PUBLICITY AGENT!
THE SAD PART OF IT ALL IS THAT YOU WERE WILLING TO LISTEN... WILLING TO READ THE CONTRACTS HE PRESENTED.
SO... NOW YOU CAN SEE THE REASON FOR THIS TAPE. I WANT TO MAKE IT EASIER FOR YOU, DICK. I HATE TO PUT PRESSURE ON PEOPLE. SO IT'S ONLY NATURAL FOR ME TO BOW OUT GRACEFULLY... BEFORE A STRAIN COMES UPON OUR RELATIONSHIP.
NOT THAT ANYTHING COULD COME BETWEEN US.
YOU 'N' ME HAVE BEEN TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME. THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN SEPARATE US... UH... SPIRITUALLY SPEAKING, OF COURSE.
NOT THAT PHYSICAL'S BAD. BUT NOW YOU SEE A DIFFERENT ROAD, ONE YOU'VE TAKEN A LIKING TO. AND ME... BEING YOUR BEST FRIEND... I AM NOT ABOUT TO STOP YOU. I'VE ALWAYS LET YOU DO WHAT YOU WANT... SO THIS TIME IS NO DIFFERENT.
BUT... BEFORE YOU GO I... I JUST WANT TO SAY THAT... UH... I... UH...
HEH HEH. EXCUSE ME FOR STUTTERING. THIS JUST SOUNDS KINDA QUEERISH, YOU KNOW. BUT... I... UH...
I LOVE YOU, DICK.
THERE! I SAID IT!
I TOLD YOU I WAS GOING TO SAY A LOT OF DUMB THINGS. DIDN'T I?
"WELCOME, FOLKS, TO CORNBALL CITY, U.S.A. HA! HA! HA! "
3

Ah, *HECK!*... *WHO* AM I TRYING TO *FOOL!* IT'S *NOT* A *DUMB THING* TO SAY. IT'S THE *TRUTH!*

WHY IS IT A MAN CAN GO ON AND ON AND TALK ABOUT HOW *DEEPLY* HE LOVES HIS WIFE AND KIDS... HIS MOM AND DAD...

BUT WHEN IT *COMES* TO EXPRESSING THE *FEELINGS* HE HAS FOR *ANOTHER* GUY... IT'S EITHER *QUEER*...

OR DUMB.

OF COURSE, DICK, YOU *KNOW* I'M AS *STRAIGHT* AS THEY COME. I *LOVE A GOOD WOMAN* AS MUCH AS THE *NEXT* GUY. STRICTLY SPEAKING... I'M A *LEG* MAN, MYSELF. I LIKE IT WHEN THEY COME WITH *TWO*. ANY *MORE* OR *LESS*, THEN YOU CAN *COUNT* ME *OUT*.

SO... SINCE I GO FOR THE *OPPOSITE SEX*... AND SINCE I *STILL* FEEL THE *SAME WAY* ABOUT YOU...

THEN I *GUESS* WHAT I'M FEELING...

IS *DUMB*.

Oh, FART. LITTLE OLD Mrs. O'GRADY IS LOOKING AT ME FROM ACROSS THE ALLEY.

WHEN WILL THAT WOMAN EVER QUIT? I WONDER IF SHE HEARD ME.

DID YOU, Mrs. OGRADY? DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID?

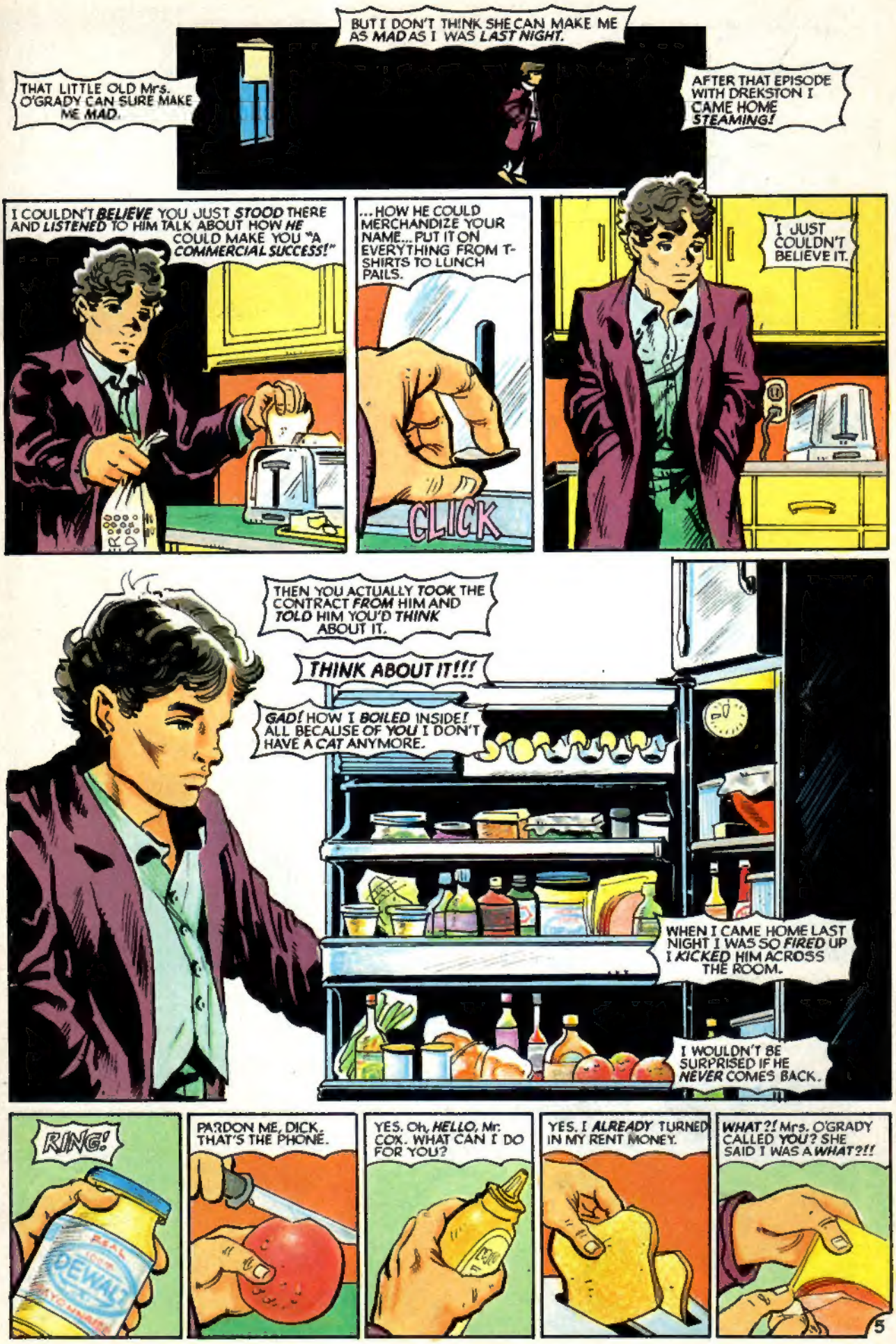
DID YOU HEAR ME SAY, "I LOVE YOU, DICK!" UH? DID YOU?!?

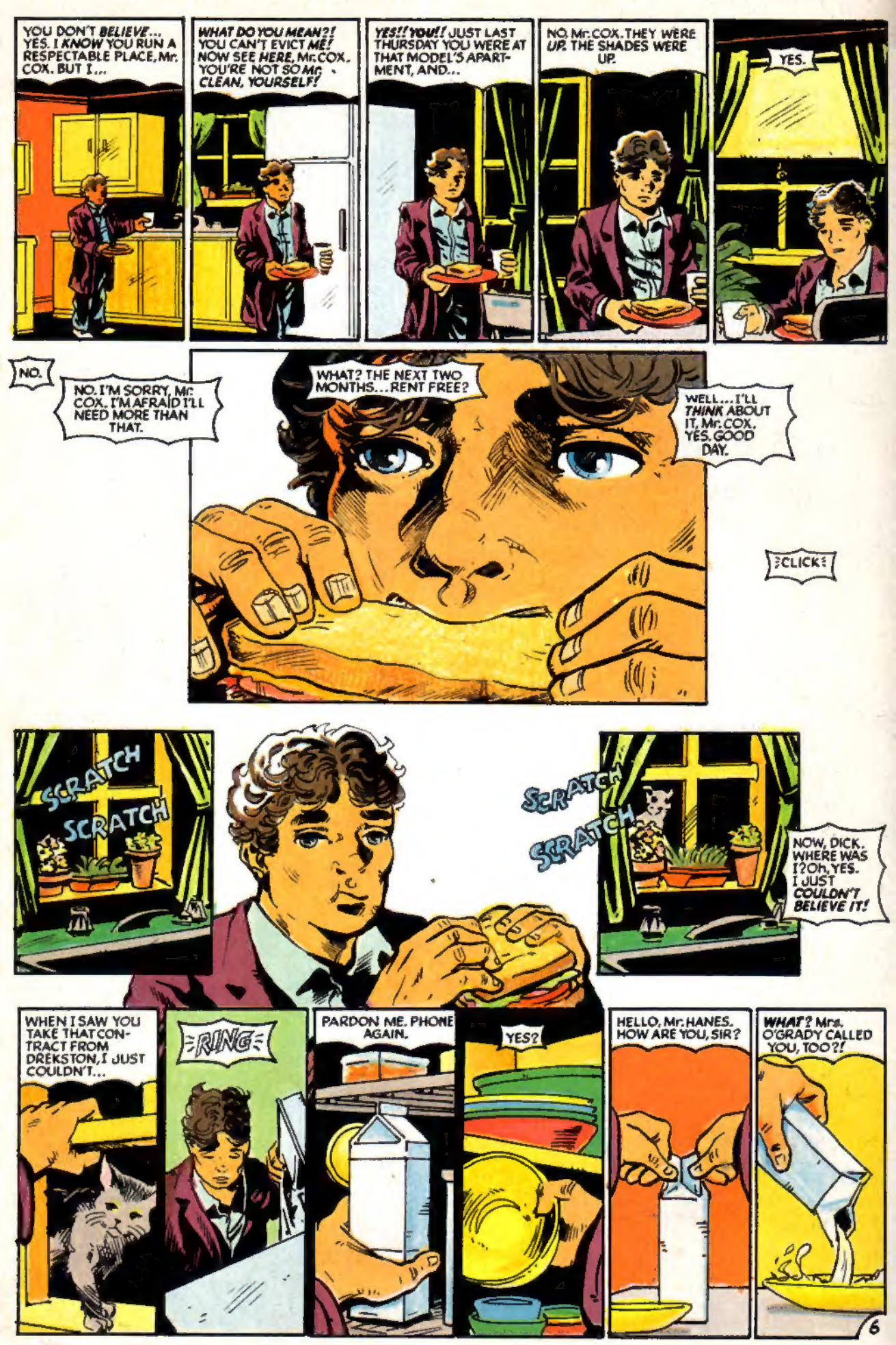
HA! HA! HA! I THINK SHE *DID*. YOU SHOULD *SEE* HER. SHE'S RUNNING STRAIGHT FOR THE *BATHROOM*... *BARFING* ALL THE WAY!! *HA! HA! HA!*

Oh-Oh. WAIT-A-MINUTE. SHE'S COMING OUT... LOOKING AT THE PHONE. *WILL* SHE? *DARE SHE??*

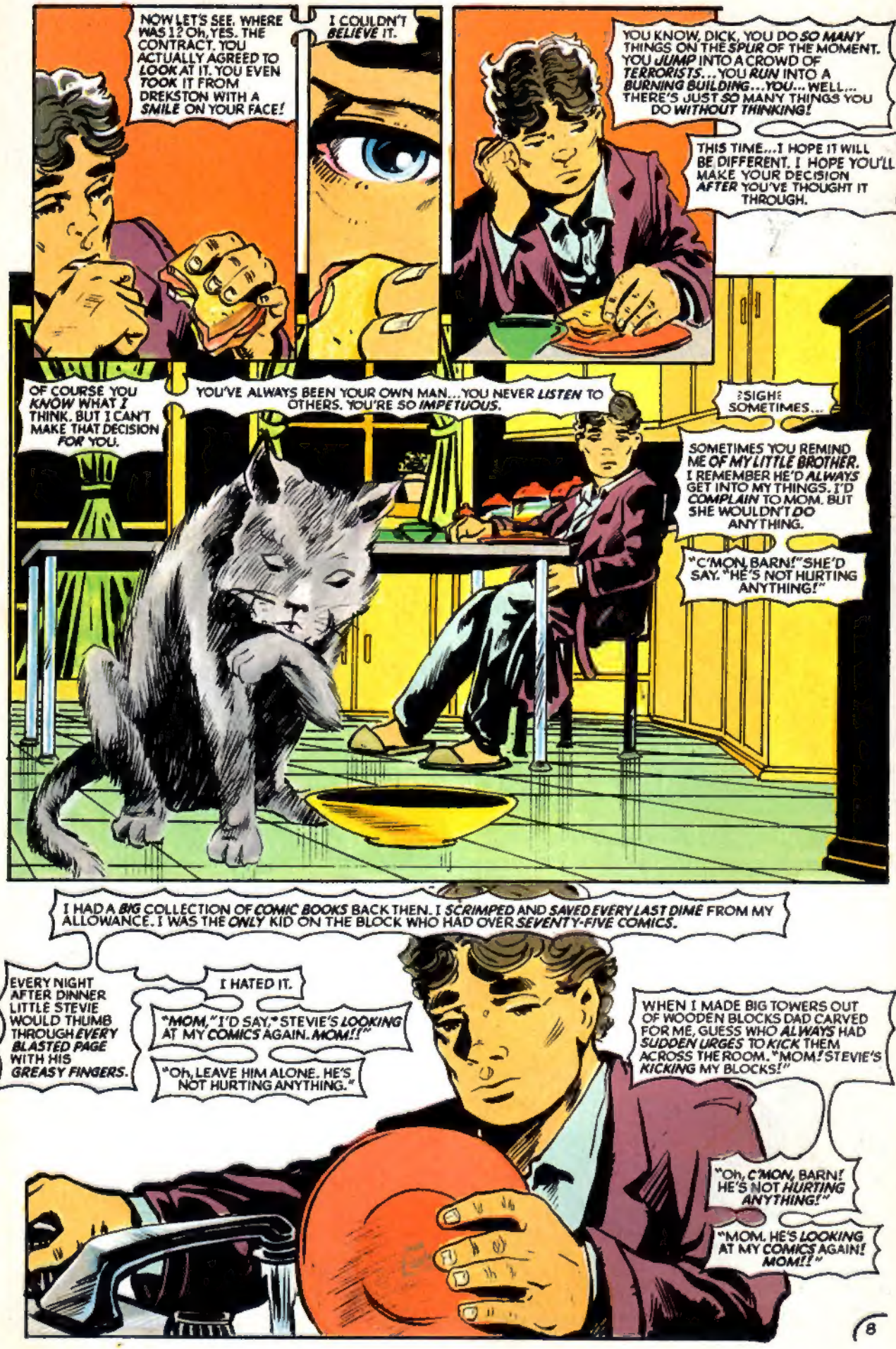
YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE WORD-OF-GAB TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER BARF-IN-POT!

I CAN HEAR IT NOW... "HELLO! BLANCHE! YES! ACROSS THE ALLEY! THE SHORT STOCKY ONE! YES! A FAIRY! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!! "


BUT I DON'T THINK SHE CAN MAKE ME AS MAD AS I WAS LAST NIGHT.
THAT LITTLE OLD Mrs. O'GRADY CAN SURE MAKE ME MAD.
AFTER THAT EPISODE WITH DREKSTON I CAME HOME STEAMING!
I COULDN'T BELIEVE YOU JUST STOOD THERE AND LISTENED TO HIM TALK ABOUT HOW HE COULD MAKE YOU "A COMMERCIAL SUCCESS!"
...HOW HE COULD MERCHANDIZE YOUR NAME... PUT IT ON EVERYTHING FROM T-SHIRTS TO LUNCH PAILS.
CLICK
I JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.
THEN YOU ACTUALLY TOOK THE CONTRACT FROM HIM AND TOLD HIM YOU'D THINK ABOUT IT.
THINK ABOUT IT!!!
GAD! HOW I BOILED INSIDE! ALL BECAUSE OF YOU I DON'T HAVE A CAT ANYMORE.
WHEN I CAME HOME LAST NIGHT I WAS SO FIRED UP I KICKED HIM ACROSS THE ROOM.
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF HE NEVER COMES BACK.
RING!
DEWALT
PARDON ME, DICK. THAT'S THE PHONE.
YES. Oh, HELLO, Mr. COX. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
YES. I ALREADY TURNED IN MY RENT MONEY.
WHAT?! Mrs. O'GRADY CALLED YOU? SHE SAID I WAS A WHAT?!!

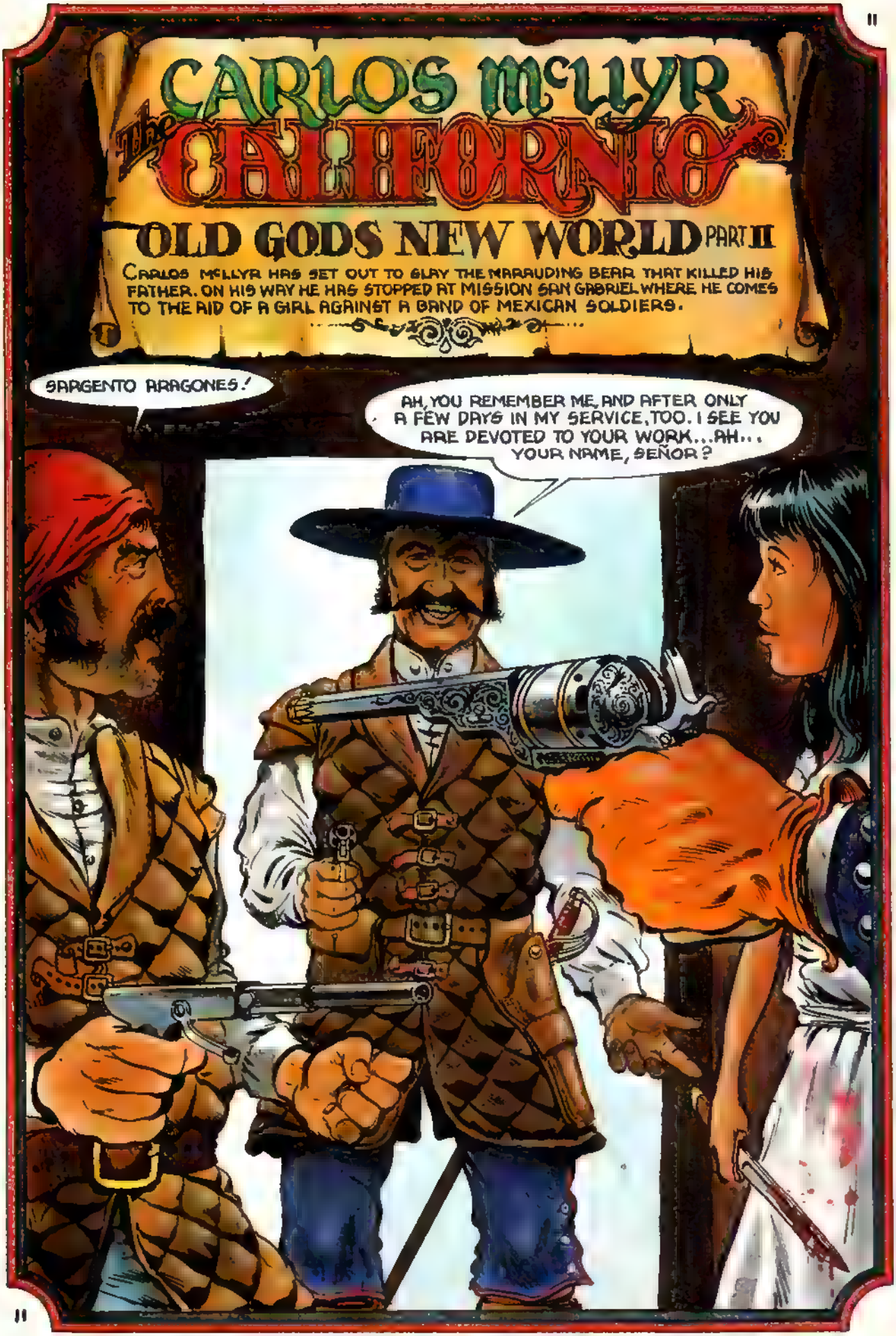

YOU DON'T BELIEVE... YES. I KNOW YOU RUN A RESPECTABLE PLACE, Mr. COX. BUT I...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?! YOU CAN'T EVICT ME! NOW SEE HERE, Mr. COX. YOU'RE NOT SO Mr. CLEAN, YOURSELF!
YES!! YOU!! JUST LAST THURSDAY YOU WERE AT THAT MODEL'S APARTMENT, AND...
NO, Mr. COX. THEY WERE UP. THE SHADES WERE UP.
YES.
NO.
NO. I'M SORRY, Mr. COX. I'M AFRAID I'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT.
WHAT? THE NEXT TWO MONTHS... RENT FREE?
WELL... I'LL THINK ABOUT IT, Mr. COX. YES. GOOD DAY.
CLICK
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
NOW, DICK. WHERE WAS I? Oh, YES. I JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE IT!
WHEN I SAW YOU TAKE THAT CONTRACT FROM DREKSTON, I JUST COULDN'T...
RING
PARDON ME. PHONE AGAIN.
YES?
HELLO, Mr. HANES. HOW ARE YOU, SIR?
WHAT? Mrs. O'GRADY CALLED YOU, TOO?!

YES, Mr. HANES. I KNOW WE'VE BEEN NEIGHBORS FOR QUITE SOME TI...
I DON'T CARE WHAT SHE TOLD YOU... I'M NOT A...
PARDON? YOU'D LIKE TO GET TO KNOW ME MORE? Mr. HANES! I...
NO SIR. I'M BUSY TONIGHT. NO. TOMORROW'S FILLED, TOO. GOOD-BYE, SIR.
CLICK
SHEESH! CAN'T PEOPLE EVER LEAVE YOU ALO...
RRING RRING
ARRGH!
HELLO. NO, MISS NOSELY. I'M NOT. Mrs. O'GRADY IS WRONG. WHAT? SHE STARTED A PETITION!! ALRIGHT! THAT DOES IT! GOOD-BYE, MISS NOSELY!
CLICK
I'LL JUST GO OVER TO THE WINDOW AND... Oh, Mrs. O'GRADY. HOW ARE YOU, DEAR? GOOD. I WAS JUST ON THE PHONE WITH MISS NOSELY. WELL, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT. SHE WANTS HER AND I TO FORM A CLUB. YES! THE INTERNATIONAL NON-STRAIGHT SOCIETY. CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? I GUESS YOU NEVER KNEW SHE WAS ONE, TOO... IT'S FUNNY, WITH YOU AND HER BEING CLOSE FRIENDS AND ALL...
NO, Mrs. O'GRADY. DON'T PULL OUT YOUR HAIR! NO! DON'T RIP OFF YOUR DRESS! Oh, GICKY!! NO! DON'T JUMP! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE... HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING!! YOU CAN'T RUN AROUND THAT WAY!! Mrs. O'GRADY!!!
WHIRR CLICK WHIRR CLICK WHIRR CLICK WHIRR CLICK
Mr. COX? BARNEY HERE. ABOUT THE TWO MONTHS RENT FREE... I'LL TAKE IT. BY THE WAY... THERE'S A LITTLE, OLD, WRINKLED, BALD-HEADED, GRAY THING RUNNING AROUND THE APARTMENT WAVING ITS ARMS AND SCREAMING.
YES. I WONDER IF YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT FOR ME. I CAN'T GET ANY SLEEP. GOOD.
Oh, YES... AND REMEMBER Mr. HANES? ...MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR?... HE SAID HE'D LIKE TO GET TO KNOW YOU YOU MORE... YOU'LL CALL HIM? GOOD. GOODBYE Mr. COX.
CLICK

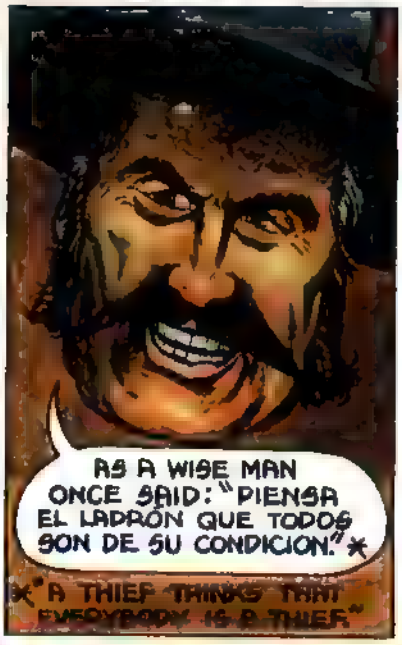

NOW LET'S SEE. WHERE WAS I? Oh, YES. THE CONTRACT. YOU ACTUALLY AGREED TO LOOK AT IT. YOU EVEN TOOK IT FROM DREKSTON WITH A SMILE ON YOUR FACE!
I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.
YOU KNOW, DICK, YOU DO SO MANY THINGS ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT. YOU JUMP INTO A CROWD OF TERRORISTS... YOU RUN INTO A BURNING BUILDING... YOU... WELL... THERE'S JUST SO MANY THINGS YOU DO WITHOUT THINKING!
THIS TIME... I HOPE IT WILL BE DIFFERENT. I HOPE YOU'LL MAKE YOUR DECISION AFTER YOU'VE THOUGHT IT THROUGH.
OF COURSE YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK. BUT I CAN'T MAKE THAT DECISION FOR YOU.
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN YOUR OWN MAN... YOU NEVER LISTEN TO OTHERS. YOU'RE SO IMPETUOUS.
:SIGH: SOMETIMES...
SOMETIMES YOU REMIND ME OF MY LITTLE BROTHER. I REMEMBER HE'D ALWAYS GET INTO MY THINGS. I'D COMPLAIN TO MOM. BUT SHE WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING.
"C'MON, BARN!" SHE'D SAY. "HE'S NOT HURTING ANYTHING!"
I HAD A BIG COLLECTION OF COMIC BOOKS BACK THEN. I SCRIMPED AND SAVED EVERY LAST DIME FROM MY ALLOWANCE. I WAS THE ONLY KID ON THE BLOCK WHO HAD OVER SEVENTY-FIVE COMICS.
EVERY NIGHT AFTER DINNER LITTLE STEVIE WOULD THUMB THROUGH EVERY BLASTED PAGE WITH HIS GREASY FINGERS.
I HATED IT.
"MOM," I'D SAY, "STEVIE'S LOOKING AT MY COMICS AGAIN. MOM!!"
"Oh, LEAVE HIM ALONE. HE'S NOT HURTING ANYTHING."
WHEN I MADE BIG TOWERS OUT OF WOODEN BLOCKS DAD CARVED FOR ME, GUESS WHO ALWAYS HAD SUDDEN URGES TO KICK THEM ACROSS THE ROOM. "MOM! STEVIE'S KICKING MY BLOCKS!"
"Oh, C'MON, BARN! HE'S NOT HURTING ANYTHING!"
"MOM. HE'S LOOKING AT MY COMICS AGAIN! MOM!!"

THERE WAS NO PLACE I COULD GO...NOTHING I COULD DO WITHOUT HAVING THIS LITTLE BUTTERBALL TAGGING ALONG BESIDE ME.
SOMETIMES AT NIGHT WHEN THERE WAS A BIG STORM OUTSIDE, I'D WAKE UP WITH HIM SHAKING IN MY BED.
I ONLY LET HIM STAY IF HE PROMISED NEVER TO TOUCH MY COMICS AGAIN.
THE NEXT NIGHT...AFTER DINNER...GUESS WHERE I FOUND HIM.
"MOM! STEVIE'S LOOKING AT MY COMICS AGAIN! MOM!"
ONE DAY HE GOT SICK AND STAYED IN BED. IT WAS GREAT! I GOT TO DO WHATEVER I WANTED WITHOUT HAVING TO WORRY ABOUT HIM ALL THE TIME.
I BUILT A WHOLE BUNCH OF WOODEN TOWERS AND READ ALL KINDS OF COMIC BOOKS.
STRANGE THING, THOUGH. AFTER AWHILE IT GOT BORING. NO STEVIE TO PUSH AROUND...TO LAUGH WITH. I STARTED WONDERING WHEN HE WAS GOING TO GET BETTER.
AFTER A COUPLE OF WEEKS I BEGAN TO BRING HIM SOME COMICS... BUILT BLOCKS ON HIS BED...
HE WOULDN'T TOUCH THEM.
SOMETIMES I ASKED MOM WHEN HE WAS GOING TO GET BETTER. SHE WOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING. SOMETIMES...S-SOMETIMES SHE'D DROP WHATEVER SHE WAS DOING AND RUN OUT OF THE ROOM.

...
Uh...
¿SNIFF¿
...IT...IT WAS HARD...FOR ME TO UNDERSTAND THAT LITTLE STEVIE WASN'T GOING TO MESS UP MY COMIC BOOKS ANYMORE...
...DICK? YOU KNOW... YOU REALLY ARE JUST LIKE MY LITTLE BROTHER... ¿SNIFF¿ BECAUSE NOW... YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE ME JUST LIKE HE DID YEARS AGO... T...THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS... ¿SNIFF¿ I NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO TELL HIM HOW MUCH I CARED FOR HIM.
SO... Uh... IF YOU DO DECIDE TO GO WITH DREKSTON... THEN... Uh... I... I GUESS THIS IS IT. I... I LOVE YOU, DICK. GOODBYE.
CLICK


CARLOS McLYR
The CALIFORNIO
OLD GODS NEW WORLD PART II
CARLOS McLYR HAS SET OUT TO SLAY THE MARAUDING BEAR THAT KILLED HIS FATHER. ON HIS WAY HE HAS STOPPED AT MISSION SAN GABRIEL WHERE HE COMES TO THE AID OF A GIRL AGAINST A BAND OF MEXICAN SOLDIERS.
SARGENTO ARAGONES!
AH, YOU REMEMBER ME, AND AFTER ONLY A FEW DAYS IN MY SERVICE, TOO. I SEE YOU ARE DEVOTED TO YOUR WORK... AH... YOUR NAME, SEÑOR?

I AM PEPE THE BULL!
YOU ARE JUST IN TIME TO HELP US, SARGENTO! THIS MAN AND HIS WHORE HAVE DARED TO KILL A SOLDIER. SHALL WE KILL HIM, COMPADRE?


AS A WISE MAN ONCE SAID: "PIENSA EL LADRÓN QUE TODOS SON DE SU CONDICION."*
*"A THIEF THINKS THAT EVERYBODY IS A THIEF."

SARGENTO...
DO NOT MOVE! YOUR LIFE IS IN MY HANDS! IS IT NOT, PEPE THE BULL?

HA-HA! I KNEW YOU WERE ONE OF US! AS FOR YOU, RANCHERO PIG, YOUR TIME HAS COME!

WOOMPH!

YOU - YOU SHOT PEPE!?!
AND I WILL SHOOT YOU ALL IF YOU EVER RAISE ARMS AGAINST THE HONORABLE CITIZENS OF THIS PUEBLO WITHOUT PERMISSION!

I APOLOGIZE, DON CARLOS. ALL I GET FROM MEXICO LATELY ARE CRIMINALS AND SCUM LIKE THIS LOT!
YOU ARE ALWAYS A WELCOME SIGHT, MI AMIGO!
I NEVER WANTED TO BE A SOLDIER!
ARE YOU HURT, CHILD?
QUE? OH. NO, I AM NOT HURT, PADRE.
GOOD, YOU MAY FINISH YOUR CHORES, THEN, AFTER YOU CHANGE YOUR CLOTHING.
YOU ARE HUNTING THE BEAR ALONE? THAT IS MADNESS, CARLOS!
LET ME LOCK UP THIS MIERD AND COME WITH YOU!
WHAT I HAVE TO DO CANNOT WAIT! HASTA LA VISTA, PEDRO, AND WHEN I RETURN, WE WILL CELEBRATE TOGETHER!
MY BROTHER, PEPE, DEAD!
KILLING THE SARGENTO WILL BE DIFFICULT. BUT YOU, CABALLERO, YOU WILL BE EASY! SI, I WILL LOOK GOOD ON YOUR FINE HORSE!
WHO IS THAT RIDING AFTER CARLOS?
MADRE DE DIOS! IT IS ANOTHER SOLDIER. HE MUST HAVE BEEN OUTSIDE THE WHOLE TIME!
THE SARGENTO IS GONE! THE PADRE MAY NOT LISTEN TO ME! AND THIS HANDSOME CARLOS SEES NOTHING BUT THE ROAD IN FRONT OF HIM!
WELL, WHY SHOULD I CARE? HE FORGOT ME QUICKLY ENOUGH!

IT IS LATE AFTERNOON BY THE TIME CARLOS REACHES THE PLACE OF THE BEAR'S ATTACK... HE PUSHES ON, POSSESSED BY THE FEELING THAT THE BEAST WAITS FOR HIM.
I AM LOSING THE LIGHT. BETTER MAKE CAMP NOW. I WILL WANT A GOOD FIRE FOR PROTECTION TONIGHT.
HMMM... I MIGHT MISS HIS HEAD FROM HERE.
BUT IF I SHOOT HIM IN THE BACK, I WILL RUIN HIS JACKET!
OH, WELL, I CAN ALWAYS HAVE IT PATCHED!
THE LITTLE CAÑON AHEAD WILL BE GOOD.
CARLOS SLEEPS LIGHTLY, ERRS ATTUNED TO THE SOUNDS OF PREDATORS.
CHING!
CRUNCH!

AIEEE!

NEXT TIME TAKE OFF YOUR SPURS OR...

SEÑORITA!
SABINA CHAVEZ IS MY NAME.
DO YOU HAVE SOME FOOD?

... SO YOU SEE, THE SOLDIER FOLLOWED YOU AND I FOLLOWED HIM AND WHEN HE TRIED TO SHOOT YOU, I KILLED HIM. YOU ARE LUCKY, EH?

I AM GRATEFUL, BUT YOU MUST RETURN TO THE MISSION AND PRAY GOD TO FORGIVE YOUR SINS!
GO BACK?! NEVER!

I HAVE FINISHED WITH SLAVING FOR WHITE MEN!

I BELONG HERE! I AM HALF INDIAN, AND I CAN TRACK BETTER THAN YOU! TOMORROW I WILL HELP YOU FIND THIS BEAR YOU WANT SO BADLY.
NO!

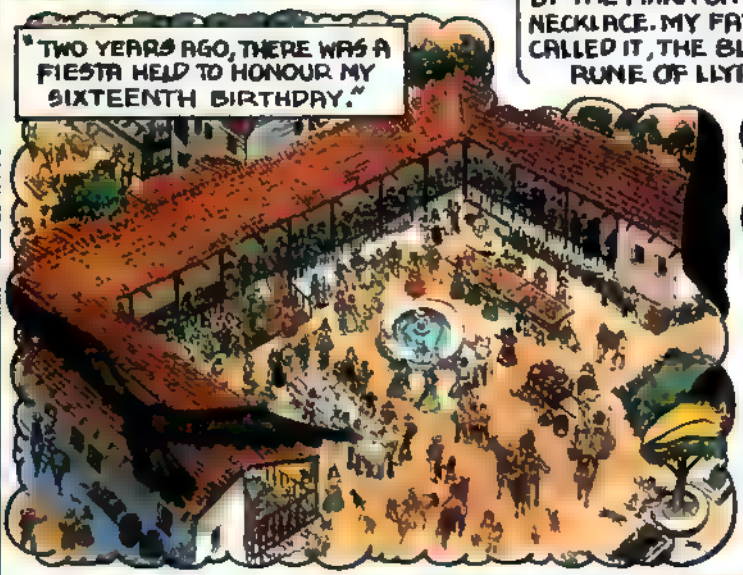
YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE DANGER!
I WILL DIE BEFORE GOING BACK TO THE DRUDGERY OF THE MISSION!

YOU WILL GO BACK OR I WILL...
I WILL...

ALL BEARS ARE DANGEROUS. WHAT IS SO SPECIAL ABOUT THIS ONE?

I BELIEVE IT IS CURSED BY THE MARK ON THIS NECKLACE. MY FATHER CALLED IT, THE BLACK RUNE OF LLYR.

WHAT IS A "RUNE?" HOW COULD A BEAR BE CURSED BY IT?
I THINK IT IS A SIGN OF POWER FROM MY FATHER'S NATIVE LAND CALLED EIRE OR IRELAND.

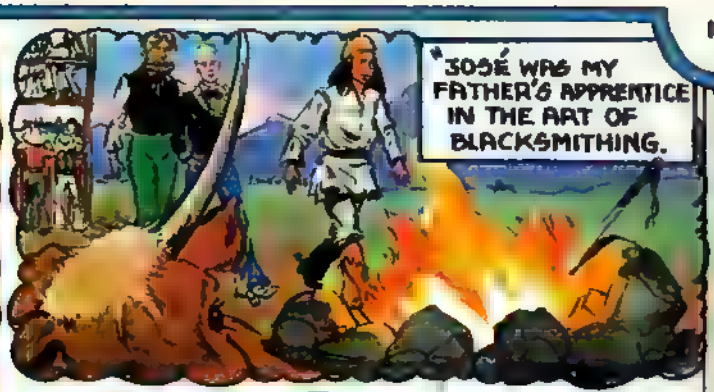

"TWO YEARS AGO, THERE WAS A FIESTA HELD TO HONOUR MY SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY."

AH, CECELIA, ME FINE LADY, LET US RIDE AWAY TO A QUIET GROVE AND...
INNIS, STOP! YOU MAKE ME BLUSH!

"THE OLDER CABALLEROS HAD CAPTURED AN ENORMOUS BEAR TO PIT AGAINST THE BULL."
"IT WAS THE MOST VICIOUS GRIZZLY ANY MAN HAD EVER SEEN."

FATHER! HAVE YOU COME TO WATCH?
NAY, YOU KNOW I DO NOT LIKE THIS WANTON CRUELTY. I ONLY CAME TO SEE WHAT YOU WERE ABOUT, MY SON.

SEÑOR McLLYR, WILL YOU COME, POR FAVOR? I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU, A GIFT OF MY OWN MAKING!
OF COURSE, I WILL COME, JOSE.


"JOSÉ WAS MY FATHER'S APPRENTICE IN THE ART OF BLACKSMITHING.

YOU HAVE YOUR OWN CATTLE, SO I HAVE MADE YOU A BRAND!

SEE, SEÑOR! YOUR FAMILY SIGN!

I WILL MAKE THE FIRST TEST FOR YOU!

NO! IN THE NAME OF GOD, STOP!

S-SEÑOR?
"I HAD NEVER SEEN MY FATHER SO SHAKEN."

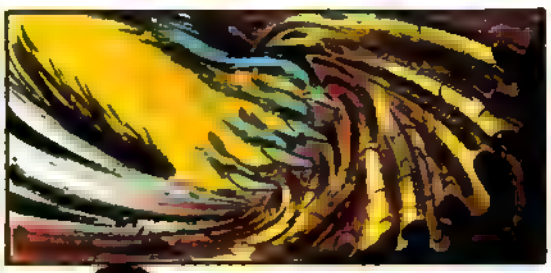
"MY FATHER NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!"
"THE BEAR HAD BROKEN FREE OF THE PIT!"
"I FOOLISHLY THOUGHT TO STOP HIM WITH ONLY MY KNIFE."
GET AWAY, CARLOS!
"HE STRUCK WITH THE ONLY WEAPON HE HAD!"
"I WILL NEVER FORGET THE STENCH OF BURNING FUR AND FLESH!"
"AND THE HIDEOUS SCREAM OF THE BEAR!"

"I FINALLY GATHERED MY WITS AND STRUCK..."
"NOR MY FATHER'S SCREAM WHEN THE BEAR SEIZED HIM!"
"...USELESSLY..."
FATHER? FATHER!
CAR...LOS... RUNE... POWER... MUST... DESTROY...
AND THE BRAND?
WE BURIED IT WITH HIM. AND NOW, WE SHOULD GET WHAT SLEEP WE CAN.
IN THE MORNING YOU RETURN TO THE MISSION.
OHHH, CARLOS...
HE DIED IN GREAT PAIN HOURS LATER.

CARLOS
CARLOS...MY SON... AWAKEN!

FATHER?...

SABINA!
GET UP! GET UP!
EL DIABLO-OSO!
*THE DEVIL-BEAR!



CLICK... CLICK... CLICK
THE BEAR'S HOT BREATH IS LIKE A DRAUGHT FROM HELL!

THIS DAMN PISTOL IS NO GOOD! CARLOS?!
CONTINUED

ECLIPSE COMICS
NIGHT OF THE NINJA
A DESTROYER DUCK MINUTE MOCKERY
ahem
BUDDA BUDDA
DON'T MESS WITH A DUCK WHO'S GOT THE REAL STUFF.
The NEW DESTROYER DUCK by Dixon, Kato & Alcala
Destroyer Duck copyright 1984 Gerber and Kirby Art copyright 1984 Kato & Alcala.
ON SALE NOW AT YOUR LOCAL COMICS SHOP

Nightingale™

by MARK EVANIER and MIKE SEKOWSKY

EMBELLISHED BY AL GORDON AND FRIENDS

LETTERING: CARRIE McCARTHY

COLORING: DENIS McFARLING

IT WAS NEVER A MATTER OF MONEY: SERENA NEIMAN COULDN'T LIVE BEYOND HER MEANS, NO MATTER HOW HARD SHE TRIED...

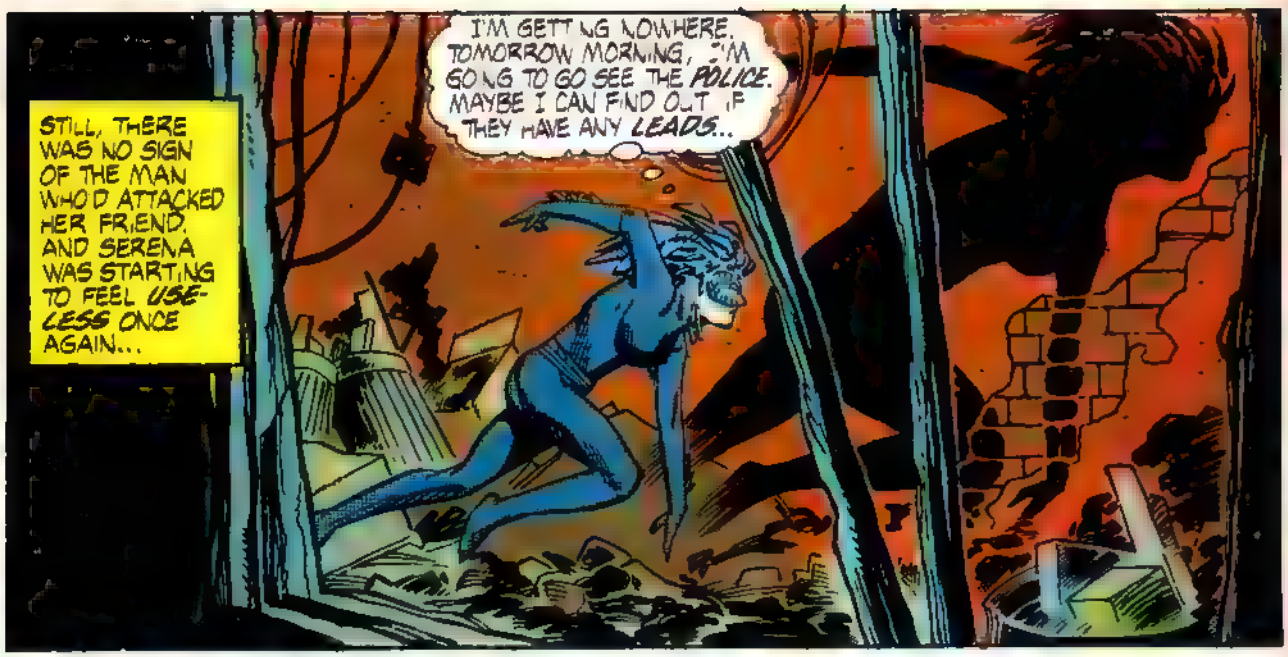
STILL, THERE WAS SOMETHING MISSING IN HER LIFE: SOMETHING YOU COULDN'T CHARGE ON AMERICAN EXPRESS...

WHEN IT HAPPENED TO A FRIEND OF SERENA'S, SOMETHING SNAPPED. THE RICH GIRL SEWED HERSELF A COSTUME AND PUT SOME OF HER *AEROBIC DEFENSE* LESSONS TO BETTER USE. EVERY NIGHT, SHE WAS DOWN THERE...

...HELPING, DOING WHAT SHE COULD...

IN THE POORER PART OF TOWN, SOMEONE WAS ATTACKING WOMEN. ALL HE SEEMED TO WANT WAS TO HURT THEM.

AND IT WASN'T MUCH BUT IT WAS *SOMETHING*.


STILL, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE MAN WHO'D ATTACKED HER FRIEND. AND SERENA WAS STARTING TO FEEL USELESS ONCE AGAIN...
I'M GETTING NOWHERE. TOMORROW MORNING, I'M GOING TO GO SEE THE POLICE. MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT IF THEY HAVE ANY LEADS...

THE POLICE HAVE MORE THAN MERE "LEADS," THEY SAY...
YOU'VE CAUGHT THE STRANGLER--?
JUST CHARGED HIM. NOW, YOU WANT TO HELP, STAY OUT OF OUR WAY.

EVERYONE'S ALWAYS MESSIN' IN POLICE BUSINESS--BLEEDING HEART LIBERALS...THOSE DAMNED SENTRY PUNKS. LET YOUR POLICE HANDLE IT. THAT'S WHAT YOU PAY OUR SALARY FOR, RIGHT?
RIGHT--IN THEORY. BUT STARTING TO WONDER ABOUT SOME OF THOSE THEORIES...

...WHICH IS WHY SHE GOES TO SEE "THE STRANGLER"...
WAIT. LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU DID MURDER...
...FIVE PEOPLE. COPS GOT ME DEAD TO RIGHTS, YEAH...

THEY GAVE ME A CHOICE: STAND TRIAL FOR ALL FIVE, MURDER ONE...OR, IF I LET THEM LUMP IN THE SEVEN STRANGLER CASES, THEY'LL PLEA BARGAIN THE WHOLE MESS DOWN...
...EASY WAY TO CLEAR UP THEIR CASEBOOK.
I'LL SAY.

INSOFAR AS THE POLICE ARE CONCERNED, THE CASE IS CLOSED. THE LOCAL BRANCH OF THE SENTRY SQUAD DISAGREES...
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE, RICH LADY...
THE POLICE--THEY CARE ABOUT CLEARING THEIR BLOTTERS, THAT'S ALL. HAPPENS ALL THE TIME. ANYWAY, WHY DOES IT MATTER TO YOU?
MY FRIEND WAS HURT BY THAT MAN...
OH, SO THAT'S IT...
SEE, RICH LADY, THAT'S THE PROBLEM! NO CONCERN ABOUT OUR WORLD UNTIL IT HARMS YOUR WORLD. WE DON'T NEED TEMPORARY CONCERN...WE NEED COMMITTMENT... PEOPLE WHO REALLY CARE!
SERENA SAYS NOTHING. THERE IS NOTHING TO SAY. BUT, THAT NIGHT...
PLEASE, SEÑOR... I HAVE JUST MY PENSION MONEY...
IT'S THE KIND OF CRIME SO ROUTINE, IT NEVER EVEN MAKES THE PAPERS. SERENA IS OUT, SEARCHING FOR THE STRANGLER, WHEN SHE HEARS SOUNDS.
...NOT QUITE SCREAMS...YET THEY ARE DEFINITELY THE SOUNDS OF ONE IN TROUBLE...
I KNEW I WAS OUT HERE LONG ENOUGH...
THERE ARE MOMENTS FOR EVERYONE WHEN YOU SHRINK...
3

...OR YOU GROW.
HE HASN'T HURT HER... JUST TRYING TO ROB HER...
THAT MEANS HE'S NOT THE STRANGLER...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
JUST SCARED SHALL. THIS IS THE FIFTH TIME THIS HAS HAPPENED. I OWE YOU MY LIFE.
NEVER MIND THAT. TELL ME--THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN HURTING ALL THOSE WOMEN. YOU KNOW THE ONE I MEAN. DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM?
I HEARD HE GOES TO ELSA'S BAR...BUT I WOULD NOT TELL THE POLICE. THEY ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS...
THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW.
TOO MANY QUESTIONS! THE PEOPLE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD ARE AS AFRAID OF THE POLICE AS THEY ARE OF THE MUGGERS...
I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE POLICE TOOK CARE OF THESE THINGS--THAT'S WHAT WE PAID TAXES FOR.
A LOT I KNEW...
4

MEANWHILE...
YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, POPS.
GIVE IT BACK!
YOU TELL US WHAT YOU SAW, WE GIVE IT BACK.
GUY AT ELSA'S... NAME'S MOE. HE WENT AFTER THAT NURSE.
WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO US TO KNOW THAT? EVEN IF WE FIND THE GUY, WE GOT NO PROOF. ALL WE CAN DO IS BEAT HIM UP.
WE'RE NOT GOING TO BEAT HIM UP. THIS GUY'S PROBABLY GOTTEN BEAT UP TOO MANY TIMES AND HE'S TAKIN' IT OUT ON WOMEN...
WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OFF THE STREETS, UNDERSTAND? TOBY, GET ME THE ADDRESS OF THAT LAST WOMAN HE ATTACKED. SINCE WE AIN'T GOT A WITNESS, WE'RE JUST GONNA HAVE TO INVENT ONE...
BUT, SOON...
I'M JUST HOME FROM THE HOSPITAL. I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO GET THAT GOON...
YOU AND HALF THE FOLKS N TOWN-ONLY NONE OF THEM HAVE THE NERVE TO HELP US...
YOU THINK YOU COULD RECOGNIZE HIM AGAIN?
GOOD. COME WITH ME. I'VE GOT AN A-1 IDEA...
THAT FACE, I'LL NEVER FORGET.
5

ELSA'S BAR: WHERE THEIR IDEA OF A MIXED DRINK IS TWO DIFFERENT BRANDS OF SCOTCH IN THE SAME GLASS...
SOMEONE ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU THIS NOTE, HON.
FOR ME?
WHO THE HELL KNOWS I'M...
OH, CHRIST.
WE KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO THAT LADY.
SENTRY SQUA
HE HURRIES FROM THE BAR...
DAMN KIDS. BETTER GET OUT OF HERE AND--
"GUY WITH A BEARD." THERE'S PROBABLY LOADS OF THEM. BUT LETS SEE WHAT HE DOES...
...WHEN I DROP IN ON HIM.
A
B
HIS RESPONSE IS QUICK--AND SHARP.
CLICK!
6
DROP IT!
YOU ATTACKED THOSE WOMEN-- DIDN'T YOU?
HE DOESN'T ANSWER--NOT VERBALLY, AT LEAST. BUT HE KICKS AND FIGHTS AND WRITHES...

HE GOT AWAY FROM ME...
...BUT NOT FOR LONG.
THE BROAD'S CRAZY...
...DRESSED UP LIKE THAT...
HE THINKS HE'S FREE AND CLEAR. HE THINKS SHE'S BLOCKS BEHIND HIM BY NOW...
HE THINKS WRONG.
NICE GOIN', WHOEVER YOU ARE. ONLY TROUBLE IS, WE GOT NO EVIDENCE--NO REASON THE COPS CAN HOLD HIM!
HE'S RIGHT! SURE I DID IT! BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE IT! THE POLICE'LL LET ME GO!
WHAT DO WE DO?
EEEEEEK! HELP, POLICE!
LEAVE THAT TO US.
MOE RECOGNIZES HER: SHE WAS HIS SECOND VICTIM ONE NIGHT LAST WEEK. TONIGHT, SHE'S NOT ALONE...NOT AFRAID...

THAT'S THE MAN! HE ATTACKED ME! ALL THESE PEOPLE SAW IT! TAKE HIM IN! I'LL PRESS CHARGES!

I GET IT. FOLKS ARE SCARED TO REPORT THESE THINGS...
THEY FOUND ANOTHER VICTIM AND GAVE HER THE CONFIDENCE.

HEY, LADY! WAIT A SEC! WHO ARE YOU?
JUST SOMEONE WHO CARES. 'BYE.

THE NEXT MORNING, EVERYONE FEELS A LITTLE BIT SAFER ON THE BLOCK: THE SENTRIES HAVE DONE IT AGAIN. THEY USUALLY DO.
WE SHOULD'VE POUNDED THAT GUY, BOBBY.
GIVE IT A REST, EMMANUEL. HE'S IN THE SLAMMER!

OH, HI, RICH LADY. YOU STILL AROUND?
FOR A WHILE. I'M FILLING IN FOR MY FRIEND DOWN AT THE FREE CLINIC.
Wally's CUSTOM PIZZA
NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT, IS THERE?
8

OH, NO. ALWAYS NICE TO HAVE SOMEONE WHO CARES AROUND.
THE END

just wait'll next issue when the Architectural Terrorists enter the scene and Dick meets a living legend — The Phantom Man!

Dear Jan, Dean and cat:

It's sort of impersonal, writing to an entire comic book company this way (even if you *are* on a first name basis with the editors, sort of), but I wanted to let you know how much I enjoy **DNAgents, Ms. Tree** and **Eclipse Monthly**, and that I'm very much looking forward to **Crossfire, Zot!** and **Aztec Ace** (not to mention **Cap'n Quick and a Foozle**, whenever it should appear).

The trouble with **Eclipse Monthly** is the fact that it's lost its stunning visual centerpiece, the aforementioned **Cap'n Quick and a Foozle**, the main reason why I bought **Monthly**. And although I'm all for supporting an anthology comic, the contents as they now stand don't excite me much. **The Masked Man** leaves me cold, and **Ragamuffins** seems empty and hollow. I, of course, enjoy the infrequent appearances of the talented Doug Wildey on **Rio**, and am very much looking forward to **Carlos McLlyr**.

I'm sure you realize just how rough it is for even a committed fan to "try" the huge amount of new titles coming out. After getting a decent paying job for the first time in a lot of months, I decided to "blow" (read: *invest*) twenty dollars on just about every "alternative" comic I could find. If I hadn't been able to afford that luxury, I would never have discovered **Cap'n Quick and a Foozle**, or **Ms. Tree** or **The Starling** (who deserves and desperately needs his own monthly book as soon as possible). Or, for that matter, **Alien Worlds, Twisted Tales, Silverheels, Groo the Wanderer, The Badger**, etc.

You'll be happy to know I've switched. On a regular basis I buy less and less "mainstream" comics and have less and less desire, too (sort of like stopping smoking). I'd like to think there's a whole lot of us twenty-five and over fans that switch, and that the younger fans make that same switch when they get to my age.

With that taken care of, there is one comic I'd like to see in **Eclipse Monthly**: Max Allan Collins and Ray Gotto's **Heaven and Heller**. I already enjoy Max's work on **Ms. Tree**, but after seeing the samples of this proposed newspaper strip in **Comics Feature** no. 29, I'm sure you'll agree that this strip is outstanding and deserves to see the light of day.

S. A. Bennett
687 Merton Avenue
Akron, OH 44306

You're one of those mind-readers, ain'tcha, S.A.. The entirety of Max Collins and Ray Gotto's beautiful **Heaven and Heller** *will be published soon — not in this title, but in* **Ms. Tree** *no. 8.*

Rio *by Doug Wildey is not exactly an "infrequent" part of* **Eclipse Monthly** *— we've run 40 pages of it over the first five issues, which is about as fast as Doug can draw it. There'll be more* **Rio** *soon, never fear — and in the meantime, you can enjoy* **Carlos McLlyr** *by Christy Marx and Peter Ledger.*

We're glad, by the way, that you've decided to give us and the other independents a "try," and further, that you've liked what you've found. You say you feel **The Starling** *deserves his own book as soon as possible? Hmm, like I said above, you must be one of those mind readers, because an announcement regarding Jerry Siegel's exciting new creation will be coming your way soon.*

Dear Jan, Dean, cat, Don, Billy, Marshall, B.C. and all the rest at Eclipse —

Well, what can I say? I've been waiting for comics like these for quite some time. At 23, I feel comics and me should be going our separate ways and many times in previous months (due to lack of finances and/or interest) I've said "no more." But then out of the blue something like **Eclipse Monthly** or **Sabre** appears and I'm head over heels in love with comics again. I feel like a kid again — discovering comics for the first time.

So often these days, I finish a comic and think "why the hell do I still bother with this trash?" Then **The Masked Man** and company arrive. Can you imagine a (reasonably) respectable young graduate engineer sitting on his bus to work with a demented grin on his face, chortling at the latest exploits of Cap'n Quick? No, well neither can most of my fellow passengers, judging by the looks on their faces. As long as comics like yours, **Nathaniel Dusk, Neil the Horse** and **American Flagg** are produced, I guess I'll keep reading them.

What's the word on the **Coyote** graphic novel? I'd love to see Marshall's colouring on the original strip.

Bye for now.

David Nicholson
19 Morrab Gardens
Seven Kings, Ilford
Essex IG3 9HG
ENGLAND

Don't feel you have to "give up comics," David, just because you're a steady, responsible 23 year-old graduate engineer. We didn't become comics professionals to produce toybooks for tots, you know! If there is anything we Eclipsoids are serious about, it's offering a spectrum of graphic fiction for all ages. After all, if a guy like Will Eisner can devote over half a century to writing and drawing comics and still hold his head high, you and I can take our places on the bus with the rest of the bozos.

Dear Eclipse Editors,

I really like **The Masked Man**. In fact, there's only one thing about it that bothers me. What do the initials "B.C." in B.C. Boyer's name stand for?

P.G. (Paul Gordon) Spaetz
1417 Sacramento Street
Sonoma, CA

Sorry, the only thing i can tell you about B. C. Boyer's initials is that they do not stand for "Bing Crosby." Hope that helps!
— cat

THE ECLIPSE CHECKLIST

DNAGENTS 11: As if the world didn't have enough trouble, first the existence of artificial human beings is revealed, and now the planet is held hostage!

CROSSFIRE 1: First issue! Amidst the glitter and ruthlessness of Hollywood, the new Crossfire encounters a murder scheme involving a power-mad network executive!

SABRE 9: This is it! The big conclusion to "An Exploitation of Everything Dear!" Plus, the first part of an intense back-up featuring Crimson Dawn!

MS. TREE 7: The aftermath of an explosion leaves Ms. Tree in a hospital where one of her doctors does NOT have her continued health in mind. Plus, Mike Grell!

ZOT 2: The Key to the Door at the Edge of the Universe is still missing and Zot jumps headfirst into a life-sized video game to recover it!

STAR*REACH CLASSICS 2: Behind a new cover by Dick Giordano, this issue boasts "Stephanie Starr" and "Newton the Rabbit Wonder!"

AZTEC ACE 2: Ace uncovers the Ebonati plot to replace the real Ben Franklin with a look-alike from the future in order to change the course of American history!

DESTROYER DUCK 6: A brand new creative team takes over, bringing the Duck to the South Pacific where he meets "Zombies in Paradise!"